

I am quite a Turk, wear a turban, smoke a pipe six feet long, and squat on a divan. Mehemet Pasha told me that he did not think I was an Englishman because I walked so slow: in fact I find the habits of this calm and luxurious people entirely agree with my own preconceived opinions of propriety and enjoyment, and I detest the Greeks more than ever. You have no idea of the rich and various costume of the Levant. When I was presented to the Grand Vizier I made up such a costume from my heterogeneous wardrobe that the Turks, who are mad on the subject of dress, were utterly astounded. . . . I had a regular crowd round our quarters and had to come forward to bow like Don Miguel and Donna Maria. Nothing would persuade the Greeks that we were not come about the new King, and I really believe that if I had £25,000 to throw away I might increase my headache by wearing a crown.

Meredith gives details of the costume which produced so great an impression. 'Figure to yourself,' he writes, 'a shirt entirely red, with silver studs as large as sixpences, green pantaloons with a velvet stripe down the sides, and a silk Albanian shawl with, a long fringe of divers colours round his waist, red Turkish slippers, and to complete all his Spanish majo jacket covered with embroidery and ribbons.' 'Questo vestito Inglese o di fantasia?' asked a 'little Greek physician who had passed a year at Pisa in his youth.' 'Inglese e fantastico' was the oracular reply.

A long letter written immediately after the return from Yanina gives a highly-coloured account, full of vivid and picturesque detail, of all Disraeli saw and felt during 'this wondrous week' in Albania; it contains among other things an excellent piece of comedy in the description of a festive evening on the journey up from Arta.

To Isaac D'Israeli.

PBBVBSA,
Oct. 25.

Two hours before sunset,
having completed only half our course in
spite of all our exertions, we found
ourselves at a